



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

## AQUEDUCTS.

Being engaged in putting down a short aqueduct for the purpose of supplying house and barn-yard, at all times, with water, we very naturally made enquiries among those who had experience in this business, and read all that met our eye upon the subject. Among the information thus obtained, we think that furnished a week or two ago by Mr. Charles Stearns, of Springfield, Mass., to the New England Farmer, particularly valuable; and as we know that some of our readers are placed as we were, in need of advice and information on this matter, we make the following extracts from Mr. Stearns' remarks. We omit only those particulars that relate to the opposition, struggles, and success in Springfield; that being a local incident rather than pertaining to the general principle of laying water pipes.

Mr. Editor.—I cheerfully answer the inquiry of Mr. Constantine, in your paper of the 15th inst., in regard to the "best kind of pipe for bringing water," by stating my own experience. Nearly forty years ago, in connection with a neighbor, I constructed an aqueduct of drawn lead pipe of three-fourth inch calibre, to supply ourselves with spring water. The fountain was on our own land, and not over forty rods distant from our houses. We used it at our houses and barns. This was the first drawn lead aqueduct used in this town or vicinity, so far as I know; but a sheet lead pipe soldered together, was constructed by a mechanic a year or two previous, but it was of short duration. Our aqueduct lasted some fifteen years, when it failed by corrosion, and was replaced by new pipe. The last pipe, is so far as I know, still in use, and I attribute its preservation from corrosion to the precaution to cover it, say a foot deep, with clay.

My next was about thirty years ago, in constructing a pipe of two inch calibre, on a new locality to supply some twenty or twenty-five customers. This pipe was made very heavy, as it was particularly desirable, for special reasons, that it should not often need repairs. It was much superior, however, to find in the course of three or four years, that this new lead aqueduct began to need repairs, and after being at considerable trouble with it, for a time, I was led to make a thorough examination, when I found nearly every rod of my pipe more or less corroded, and I was obliged to substitute some other material. I decided upon wood, and this last is in good order now, after having been in the ground for twenty years. I would state that the ground through which this pipe ran, is, or was a wet meadow—but has been materially modified by draining and filling—and I would remark that my first aqueduct ran for a considerable distance through similar ground, and in that part it was that the corrosion took place, and that part which ran through a sandy soil was not affected.

My third enterprise in the aqueduct line, was on a more extended scale, and in giving an account of my experience, I may possibly be more minute than would be desirable. But it being probably the most extended individual enterprise of the kind in New England, and one in which I took especial pains to introduce all the conveniences that I could find and rear; and it being an enterprise which has been crowned with complete success as to its indispensable utility to a large population, its permanency, and its value as an investment, an account of it may perhaps be worth the space it will occupy.

The town of Springfield, where I have lived for near half a century, had always been poorly supplied with water. There were a few poorly constructed private aqueducts, but the population depended mainly upon wells, which afforded indifferent water for drinking, and almost impracticable for washing. I sought what I deemed a good source for water, gushing from the bowels of the sandy plain above us, and of the purest and softest quality, and I secured by purchase the spring and the right of way to a public road at once, and at a very moderate charge. I then invited attention of several prominent citizens to the subject, who I knew had quite as much personal interest in the introduction into our village of pure water as myself, and a good deal more money to spare to invest in it, and no one seemed to have confidence in its success, and each declined joining in the undertaking. This was in the spring of 1843.

Being in the timber business, and having on hand a considerable amount of timber suitable for pipes, and convenient for manufacturing, I procured a set of tools for manufacturing, of different calibre, and employed an experienced man to bore and fit them. While the work was going on, I visited various places where aqueducts were established, to acquire information as to various matters of convenience and expediency.

Among other places, I visited Syracuse, in the State of New York, where I learned that a company was introducing water into that city, much on the plan that I was pursuing. I learned, also, that the State of New York had used wooden pipes to conduct their salt water from their saline wells to the various points where it was used for the manufacture of salt. These works had been in use many years, and I presumed that long experience had suggested improvements in the manufacture and laying of the pipes, not generally known. Nor was I mistaken; and my journey there was important in its results. I found, at Syracuse, augers for boring, and tools for fitting the logs together, so perfect, that I bought a set at considerable expense, and laid out the insides of the pipes, a most important operation, as it has the effect to prevent the water passing through, from being affected with the taste of the timber. This operation is exceedingly simple, like many other valuable improvements and inventions.

I also visited your good city of Boston. You will see by the date that it was some years before

your magnificent Cochituate was commenced, but having been a Boston boy myself, forty years before, I remembered the Jamaica Pond aqueduct, and that it was constructed with logs. At Boston I found several conveniences, not in use elsewhere. But the great idea—and worth more than all the rest—that I received there, was to lay my logs deep. For this idea I was indebted to Thomas A. Dexter, Esq., who was principal director of the old Boston Water Works.

He remarked to me, that wood was a very good material for conducting water, and if laid deep enough, it would out-last iron. He repeated, with emphasis, deep enough, to impress the importance of it on my mind, and I have taken pleasure in calling on him at his office repeatedly, to speak of my success, and to thank him for his most valuable suggestion. I have lived to become convinced that Mr. Dexter's opinion, that timber thus laid will out-last iron, may be safely regarded. It will occur to any person of practical experience, that a post set say three feet deep, will rot off near the surface, while the lower part is comparatively sound. Mr. Dexter has samples of my aqueduct which have laid from eight to thirteen or fourteen years, and I doubt not he will show them to whoever may feel interested to see them, and I will send you samples taken off the logs quite recently that will speak for themselves.

I followed the injunctions of Mr. Dexter strictly, and will now say that in eighteen miles length of wooden pipe, which is now laid and used, I have reason to believe that at this moment, nine-tenths of it is as sound as the day it was laid, after having been used from ten to fourteen years. My depth, in sandy porous ground, is six feet, and in clayey ground, four feet, but in swampy or meadow ground, scarcely three feet. The idea is to put the timber below the changes of temperature. There is another advantage in laying deep, and not a slight one. It keeps the water about as cool as when it is in the spring, and obviates the objection to aqueduct water, that it is insipid for drink.

I will now give an example in proof of the advantage of deep laying. I furnished pipe for a company in the neighboring town, of about two miles in length, and they chose to dig the ditch, and notwithstanding my remonstrances, they insisted on laying them between three and four feet deep in sandy ground. The consequence was, that the principal part of the line decayed within seven years, and it is now totally useless. The logs were the same quality as my own, which, laid at the same time, are sound. This, I think, settles the question of advantage of depth beyond dispute.

I have deviated somewhat from the simple question of Mr. Constantine, as to "the best kind of pipe for bringing water," hoping that my experience may be beneficial to others, if not to himself. I will remark, however, that as to the poisonous effects of lead pipe, I used constantly, for twenty years at least, water drawn through a lead pipe, and neither my family nor myself experienced any bad effects, nor have I ever known a well authenticated instance of the injurious effects of such pipe, but I have heard of such instances, and it is probable that they have existed. All my leading pipe, conducting the water from the mains to houses and other places where the water is used, are of lead. I have lately received a printed statement of an aqueduct constructed in Pittsfield, Berkshire Co., in this State, within a few years. The main pipe of this aqueduct is constructed of Ball's patent indestructible cement pipe, an article with which I am not acquainted. But I notice, that the expense of this aqueduct is fully treble that of timber, and if there were never any expenses for repairs upon it, of the interest of the money on the difference in the cost would keep the Springfield wood aqueduct in repair for all time to come, and divide a large surplus for the owners.

The timber aqueduct is manufactured here by Mr. Ezekiel Keith, who will answer any questions as to price, &c.

CHARLES STEARNS.  
Springfield, Mass., 1888.

## INTERESTING EXPERIMENT IN SOWING GRASS SEED.

It may be a little late to call attention to the sowing of grass seed for this year, but the results of an experiment which we found recorded in the Ohio Valley Farmer for May, struck us at the time quite forcibly, and some trials and observations of our own since then, have corroborated the facts there laid down.

We long ago were convinced that the usual mode which many of us practice in sowing and covering grass seed by harrowing them in with grain, is not a good method—that many seeds are thus buried too deep to vegetate, and, if not entirely lost, are nevertheless laid up in a dormant state, and therefore useless, until they shall be brought into a condition to germinate by another turning over of the soil. The best "catch" of grass that we ever obtained, was sown upon a field of wheat after the grain had been harvested in, and the field smoothly rolled. The seed (hardfaced and clover) were sown by means of a "Wells' Seed Sower," and covered by passing a spring tooth horse lightly over, and that followed by the roller.

But to the experiment mentioned. A writer in the above named paper, over the signature of "G. T.," says that he made a trench in a favorable situation three and a half feet long, increasing in depth from the surface at one end to the other end where it was six inches deep. The bottom was an inclined plane, and was made smooth and even by pressing a straight edge board forcibly upon it. Thus prepared, the seed was sown thickly in the trench its whole length. In twenty-four days, at an average temperature of 45°, the plants appeared at the surface for four inches from the shallow end towards the deepest part of the trench, and afterwards continued to appear from still deeper parts of the trench for seventeen inches, when it wholly ceased to vegetate. Three months elapsed and not a leaf showed itself beyond the last named point. On examination, the writer goes on to say, that the clover and timothy (what is known in Maine as herds grass), sprouted alike and ceased to germinate at the depth of two and a half inches. At three months, the plants were nearly a foot high at the shallowest extremity of the trench, and diminished in stature as the trench deepened,

the lowest being about five or six inches high.

In addition to the above experiment the writer says, "some of the seeds were scattered on the surface of the ground at the same time and left uncovered. In due time it vegetated; its radicles from 1 to 1 inch long, lay exposed to the sun and rains for some time, and found their way into the earth."

It will be seen, therefore, that it is better to sow the seeds upon the ground, and not cover them at all, than it is to harrow them in too deep. This plan is adopted by those who sow upon the light snows that frequently fall in April with us.

It will also appear evident to every one, that much of the seed would be buried by the harrow more than two and a half inches, and beyond this depth G. T. says the seed would not vegetate, that is, the clover and herds grass, and consequently it should never be used for covering grass seed.

## AMMONIA IN THE BLOOD.

The blood has not inaptly been called, by Prof. Amory, the "soil of the body." From the blood is derived all the material which constitutes all the various substances of which it is composed. As plants flourish well and strong which grow in a soil which contains all the ingredients in due proportions which are necessary for them, so does the animal form grow well and strong when the blood contains, in due proportions, the ingredients which are necessary for it. Let the soil be deficient of any material which the plant requires, and it languishes, or if any ingredient be in excess it becomes unhealthy. So it is with the animal system if any required ingredient be deficient or any material be in excess.

Recent researches and investigations of physiologists have ascertained that ammonia exists in the blood, and when in proper proportions, administers to the health and strength of the body, in the formation of the fibres of the muscles and the albuminous portions of the body.

They have also ascertained that a deficiency of ammonia in the blood causes disease, and that an excess is a fruitful source of disease. Ammonia consists of a combination of hydrogen and nitrogen. The world is full of these two gases, and when they accumulate beyond a natural amount, the ammonia is taken into the lungs, enters the blood in too great quantities, and fevers and other diseases are the consequence. The "soil of the body" is saturated with ammonia, and the body suffers from an excess of it.

Dr. Richardson an English physician has published, in a medical essay, some very valuable observations on this topic. When the blood becomes saturated with it, he has detected it in the breath of the people, who are rendered sick in consequence of it. Thus he has detected it in the breath of persons suffering with typhoid and malignant fevers.

An excess of ammonia is generated where vegetable and animal matter decomposes. It accumulates in crowded and unventilated rooms. Indeed, wherever you find impure air you may expect the presence of ammonia, and hence, such air is unfit for respiration, because it is taken into the lungs, thence the blood, the "soil of the body" becomes loaded with an excess of it, and the body becomes diseased as a natural consequence. Airtight houses, airtight school-rooms, airtight churches, airtight school-houses, are all fruitful sources of disease from the accumulation of this substance, this alkali of blood as it has been also called, the proper proportion of which is a source of health, and a disproportion of which as surely brings death and disease.

## WAIFS FROM OUR COFFY DRAWER.

A LARGE HORSE. Mr. Nathan Bachelor, of Union, killed a fine hog on the 21st ult., of which a correspondent gives us the following particulars.—He was brought from Portland when four weeks old, and was of the Mackay breed. He was kept as a breeder, until 18 months old, and was 24 months old, when killed. The steers were being large enough to weigh him at once, he was cut up and weighed in six different lots. His gross weight, twelve hours after being killed, was 779 pounds. Allowing 3 pounds on a hundred for shrinkage, which our correspondent thinks is little enough, (23 lbs.) and a pound for turning the scales, each time, (3 lbs.) and his entire weight is 805 lbs.

## HONORS ON NEAT STICK.

A subscriber gives us the following remedy for humors on neat stick.—Steep tobacco in chamber ley, from 12 to 18 hours, and apply the liquid in full strength. It will cool the animal down in a very short time, and one or two applications will be sufficient. He generally feeds carrots or turnips to keep them loose, and thinks a little saltpetre given with indian meal is good. This application he has tried, and is satisfied it is a sure cure for humors of all kinds on neat stick.

HANDSOME STEERS. Mr. Isaac Frost, of Litchfield, has a pair of grade Durham steers, two years old, well matched and broken, which weigh 6 ft. 5 in. We dare say there are others equally good in the County, and hope there will be a full show of them at the State Show in this city, next fall.

## NOTWORTHY IMPROVEMENT.

A correspondent of the Norway Advertiser notices some striking improvements upon a lot of land owned by Geo. J. Ordway, Esq., of Norway. He says:—

"This lot, containing some five acres and extending on Pleasant street from his dwelling to the bridge across the stream running from Buck's dam, came into possession of Mr. Ordway some fifteen years since, at which time a more unimproved and uninteresting spot could not be found in town. Growing from a bed of rocks so covering the ground that the soil could hardly be reached, was a growth of birch bushes; scattered in the growth were huge pine stumps, from which the trees were cut at a time when pine logs of the best quality would not pay for getting them to the mill. The condition of this land was such that the owner was deterred from bringing it into cultivation by the ordinary methods. Cutting and burning the growth might have warmed the rocks and blackened the stumps, but could have been followed by no crop. The difficulty presented did not deter Mr. Ordway from attempting to subdue it, and how well he succeeded, the appearance of the lot at this time attests. The rocks and stumps have disappeared from the

field, the stiff unyielding clay soil had been changed by the application of manures so as to adapt it to the growth of any crop: a rocky pinnacle on the lot has been converted into an orchard; and the whole enclosed with a most substantial wall. Lying remote from the village, this improvement would not probably have been undertaken; situated as it is, it has conferred an actual gain on the property in that vicinity, and has made a change grateful to the eye of one who recollects visiting it for pea sticks, and who little thought to see it a productive and beautiful field."

## GALLS ON HORSES.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer gives the following recipe for a safe and sure cure for sores on horses:—

Take one quart of soft water, one ounce of white vitriol, and half an ounce of white vitriol, and half an ounce of copperas. Shake them well together, and it will soon be fit for use. Apply to fresh or old sores.

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## HOW TO MAKE BAD BUTTER.

So many of our able correspondents, says the Genesee Farmer, have told us how to make good butter, that it may be interesting to some of our readers to learn how to make bad butter. Our respected friend Peters, of Genesee county, furnishes the Rural New Yorker some excellent rules for the guidance of those who are desirous of excelling in this particular branch of rural economy.

"The first step to be taken is, of course, to get your cows. If you purchase in the spring, get those which have been so badly wintered that they can hardly get up alone. If you have to help them up by the tail, all the better. If you winter them yourself, be cautious not to give them any shelter, no matter how bad the weather may be. If possible, do not give them a chance to get on the warm side of the barn or shed during snow storms, or cold storms of rain and snow. A little comfortable care might be injurious when they come to be milked in the spring. Keep them on muddy, boggy hay, or rotten straw, and fodder when most convenient, only not too often. If this system is faithfully adhered to, and the cow is fool enough to live through and have a calf, the milk will be innocent of anything but a weak thin cream."

"Having obtained the milk, there are various ways for getting the cream. The most approved is to put it through a strainer that will stop a good sized potato, as by that means you secure such an admixture of foreign substances as will ensure the adhesion of the particles, upon the same principle, I suppose that means mix their milk with their mortar for plastering. If the weather be warm, set the milk in some warm room, and, if possible, near the sink or some other highly scented locality. As cream is very sensitive to the odor around it, this will secure the transfer to the butter of the strongest circulation—an important point. Do not skim the milk, if you can help it, until the cream gets moldy and slightly rancid. The stronger it gets, the stronger will be the butter. After skimming, let the cream stand several days in a warm room. This will help the flavor of the butter very much, and go far toward producing the desired taste and smell."

"After the cream is churned, and the butter 'come,' take it out of the churn with your hands. If they do not happen to be exactly clean at the moment, do not stop to wash them, as butter-milk is capital to whiten the hands, and make them look clean and delicate. Beside, soap and water are apt sometimes to make one's hands chap and look rough. Work the butter by hand, especially if soft and oily, and put in a good supply of coarse salt, as salt is cheap; and if you are not so stupid as to work it out in the butter-milk, it will help the butter weigh, and keep it from being eaten too rapidly when it gets upon the table."

"Pack the butter in tubs, as fast as you can make it; put a cloth over the tub, and let it stand in a damp, moist cellar. If the keg or tub gets pretty dirty outside, it will help the salt."

"In the summer, it will be important to let the cows run in a sandy pasture, and by all means compel them to drink from stagnant ponds or pools. You will be in great danger of losing all your labor if they have good feed and plenty of pure water—though if my previous instructions be faithfully followed, the danger from the good feed and water will not be so great."

"There are many little matters, more or less essential to success, to which I have not alluded—such as not working out the butter-milk, a waste of labor, as it tends to destroy the mottled appearance of the butter, and prevents its becoming thoroughly rancid as soon as it otherwise might do."

Do not allow a bird to be killed in your orchard this season. They compensate for your neglect of the tree. You do not know how much you owe them for the fruit you have.

CHEESE MITES. It is said that a cheese painted over with melted soap, so as to form a thin coat over the outside, never has mites.

## RUTA BAGAS AND OTHER ROOT CROPS.

The time is approaching for sowing roots, and perhaps the following may be an inducement for those that have not as yet grown any, and who therefore are ignorant of their value. I shall show them what can be done by bad treatment, and in an unfavorable season.

Last June I had a piece of ground that we could not get into a fit state for corn. I therefore determined to have a crop of roots, and the only preparation it got (without manure) was plowing, harrowing and rolling. I drew the drills thirty inches apart with the corner of a draw hoe; a man will run his hoe along as fast as he can walk, and straight enough for one straight line is made. I then sprinkled a little super-phosphate of lime along the mark so made, this being sufficient to give the seed a quick start, and set a couple of quick-walking men to sow in the following manner: Take some seed between the fore-finger and thumb, about as much as you take on the end of your finger when looking at clover seed, and drop three seeds a foot apart, carefully keeping the thumb and finger in motion, and walk quick; half a dozen seeds will perhaps drop in one place, and then perhaps but two, but this is even better than I can get a drill to do it. This is a quick way, for the men will try who can get out first, and you can conclude the quicker they move the evenner your seed is going in. When all is sown, I set them at one end of the field, and get them to "herring bone" it, which is done by placing the two heels together, and moving the right heel into the hollow of the left, and vice versa—the closer the heels are kept together, the better the seed is covered. The hands should be placed behind the back, which enables the worker to move along quicker and with more ease to himself, it being as a balance to the body. This is a light covering, but all that is necessary for turnips; I then run the roller over them and they are finished.

When they have made their rough haul, I run Knox's horse hoe through them, to keep the weeds down and keep the plants growing. When the plants are about four inches high, I set the hoes on to thin them, they being about the distance you want them from this method of sowing; they cut each side, which takes your extra plants out, leaving but one plant standing. When they are done thinning, set on your horse hoe again to loosen your soil, this is all the hand hoeing you want if you keep the weeds down, as the use of the horse hoe afterwards will throw a sufficiency of loose mould between the plants, which will smother the weeds until such time as the size of the leaf or leaves occupies the space between them, when there is an end to weed growing. I raised on this piece (one acre) of ground on which we could not at that time (since drained) grow any other crop, nine hundred and thirty bushels of ruta bags turnips, which have been a great saving the past winter to the corn crib. I fattened one pair of oxen, and kept upwards of twenty head of horned cattle on them and mangel wurzel, clover hay, straw, and cornstalks; I am now feeding ruta bags.

My object in stating the above, is to show farmers that root crops are not so extra hard to raise, and that they can raise them to advantage without using up their best land, and costing too much for the working of them. Root crops are objected to, as being too expensive to raise. I have always found that such objectors are men who never raised any root crops, and know nothing about them. A man who has tried them once will repeat the practice.

As for their tainting the butter, it is all moonshine, and another excuse for not growing them. If a man wishes to have his butter taste turpiny, he can very easily effect, and as easily prevent it.

When the above amount can be taken off with such bad treatment, they can see what can be done by good treatment, which consists in plowing your land two or three times, harrowing and rolling as often as necessary to get a good tilth, with a proper quantity of stable manure applied broadcast, or drilled in when scarce. In drilling manure in, I open drills same as for the first sowing, laying the manure in the bottom, turning the drills over as before; then run the harrow with the teeth up crosswise, or an old gate, which levels the earth and still leaves it sufficiently high that the rows where the manure is can be seen to sow in; then roll, keeping your ground level, as turnips and mangel wurzel will not do here on raised drills, as in Europe. Our sun is too strong, and when on drills, as fast as the roots come to the side they are burnt up, and the crop spoiled. In Europe they cultivate all on drills, but their being a moist climate, their object is to draw the roots out and keep them dry, while our object is to supply as much moisture as we possibly can, and we can only get it by growing them on a level surface. Bone dust is the best special manure that can be applied to the turnip crop; I have used it at the rate of fifty bushels to the acre, and found it to pay; you can have your ground too rich for turnips, which must be guarded against, as if that is the case they will run all to tops and no bulbs—I have seen several instances of this. If you think your ground is too rich, do not sow turnips; sow instead of them, mangel wurzel; for this crop the richer the ground is the better, as it costs as much to work a half crop on the same piece of ground as it does a whole one.

Newton, N. J.

G. HOWART.  
[Country Gentleman.]

## VOLUNTEER GRAIN.

At the ranch of J. P. Murphy, says the Sacramento Union, one mile above Patterson's Station, in this county, are one hundred and sixty acres of grain, which is all a volunteer crop. One-half is barley, and the remainder wheat. The grain is well headed out, the barley being uniformly about four feet high, and the wheat five feet. The whole cost of harvesting the land, which was the only expense in the matter, was one hundred dollars. It is estimated that the whole crop will average from thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre, leaving a wide margin for profit.

INSECTS. A bright fire of resinous pine, tar, shavings, or any other combustible, kindled in the garden at night, on a platform erected for that purpose, will attract and destroy millions of insects.

## THE PATTERN OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun in the morning,  
Away to the garden he hies,  
To see if the sleepy blossoms  
Have begun to open their eyes.  
Running a race with the wind,  
With a step as light and fleet,  
Under my window I hear  
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brooks he wanders  
In swift and noiseless flight,  
Splashing the sparkling ripples  
Like a fairy water sprite.  
No and under fabled rivers  
His gleams like his golden hair,  
No pearls sea-shell is fairer  
Than his slender ankles bare;  
Nor the rosiest stem of coral  
That blushes in ocean's bed,  
Is sweeter as the flush that follows  
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor  
Looks down our little cot,  
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—  
I cannot deny his lot.  
He has pictures, books and music,  
Bright fountains and noble trees,  
Flowers that blossom in roses,  
Birds from beyond the seas;  
But never does childish laughter  
His homelike footstep greet,  
His stately halls he'll echo  
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"  
A brimming chatter and sing,  
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—  
(Our other one has wings)—  
His heart is a charmed casket,  
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,  
And no harp-strings hold such music  
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens  
The highway by angelic tread,  
And seems to unbar the city  
Whose Builder and Maker is God,  
Close to the crystal portal,  
I see by the gates of pearl,  
The eyes of our other angel—  
A twinborn little girl.

And I ask to be taught, and directed  
To guide his footsteps aright,  
So that I be accounted worthy  
To walk in sandals of light,  
And hear amid songs of welcome  
From messengers trusty and fleet,  
On the starry floor of Heaven,  
The patter of little feet.

## HOW TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.

Having had a large supply of this fruit last year, and very little of any other fruit, we preserved in a variety of ways, all which kept so perfectly, that I have been requested to give my recipes to your readers.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES. Select the largest and handsomest berries, weigh them, and spread on platters. For each pound of fruit, allow a pound of powdered white sugar. Sprinkle half this amount over the berries, and let them stand several hours in a cool place, to harden and to form liquor. Put them in a porcelain lined kettle, and by degrees strew on the rest of the sugar. Boil them slowly fifteen minutes, skimming thoroughly, then take them from the sirup and spread again on platters, to cool and harden into shape. Then put them into wide-mouthed glass bottles, pour the sirup on boiling hot, and seal the jars.

STRAWBERRY JELLY. Take the berries when first ripe and fresh, wash and drain through a dammed bag. To each pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and one-third of the white of an egg. Boil slowly about ten minutes, skimming thoroughly, then dip it into tumblers or cups, and set it into a sunny window uncovered till it jellies, then seal them over. It will never form a very firm jelly, but it is delicious and beautiful.

STRAWBERRY JAM. Small and poor berries will answer, if clean and free from decay. Mash with a wooden pestle, add to each pound one-fourth of a pound of brown sugar, boil about fifteen minutes, and seal up in earthen, glass, or stone jars.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES. Put the berries over the fire without sugar and almost no water, and as soon as the whole mass is raised to the boiling point, dip it while boiling into the cans, (glass is better than tin for such acid fruit), and pour over the fruit in each can a little boiling sirup, nearly thick enough to candy. Fill perfectly full, and seal air-tight at once. These are very fine, eaten with cream.

Strawberries should never be washed for preserving. If dirty, do not use them. Strawberry short-cake is a luxury. Make a large thick short-cake, split it twice through, and spread with butter and a layer of fresh strawberries and sugar, put the parts together again, and serve hot. [J. C. B. in Ohio Cultivator.]

SUBSTITUTE FOR TOBACCO. If people will make chimneys of their noses, the best way is to furnish cheap fuel. We are therefore pleased to find in the Patent Office Report, a "preparation of maize leaf, as a substitute for tobacco." To soak maize leaf in a diluted extract of quassa and capsaicum, in the proportion of one pound of maize leaf to four ounces of quassa, and half an ounce of capsaicum, will produce it is said, a good substitute for tobacco in the manufacture of cigars.

Now a better substitute exists without any fault, in the sun-flower leaf, gathered and cured in the same manner as tobacco. It is far finer in flavor, burns equally well, and is not so nasty. We are not sure but the inside of many of our "Havanas" is a sun-flower leaf.

[Ohio Farmer.]

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES. The Legislature of Iowa, at its session in March, established an Agricultural College, and has set apart public lands for its endowment. The farm is to consist of not less than 640 acres. Wm. Duane Wilson, Esq., editor of the Iowa Farmer, one of the trustees named in the act, has been appointed secretary of the board. \$10,000 was appropriated for the purchase of the farm.

A bill to establish an Agricultural College in Minnesota had passed the Legislature, and the same located at Glencoe, McLeod county, near the centre of the State. The younger States are actually going ahead of those old enough to be their great-grandfathers.

## DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

TO CORN BEEF FOR SUMMER. Take the briskeet plate, or any good piece of fatted beef, fresh killed; saw, and cut up in three or four pound pieces, sufficient for one or two days; lay it in a half barrel suitable for beef, or a lard keg. Make a good strong brine with cold water, strong enough to float a fresh egg, dissolve half an ounce of saltpetre and put it in the brine; lay in the beef, put a clean flat stone on it to keep it down, and pour in the brine, sufficient to cover it; let it lie over night; boil it in water enough to cover it; add a handful of salt let it boil two or three hours, or until tender. This will keep one or two days in a cool place.

N. B. Put some salt in the barrel or keg that you salt your meat in once in a while, that will keep the brine always strong and good.

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES. Take fullgrown gooseberries before they are ripe, pick them, and put them into wide-mouthed bottles; cork them gently with new, soft corks, and put them in an oven from which the bread has been drawn, let them stand till they have shrunk nearly a quarter; then take them out and beat the corks in tight; cut them off level with the bottle, and rosin them down close. Keep them in a dry place.

GOOSEBERRY JAM. Pick and clean red gooseberries, thoroughly ripe. Boil them by themselves for twenty minutes, skimming them frequently; then add brown sugar in the proportion of one pound of sugar to one pound of fruit; boil for half an hour after the sugar is in; skin it and pour it into earthenware jars; when cold, paper up the jars, and set aside in a dry cool situation. Strawberry and black currant jams are made in precisely the same manner as the above; but instead of brown use lump sugar.

CHERRY, GOOSEBERRY, OR CURRANT, AND RASPBERRY PUDDING. Make a good crust, and line a pudding-basin, previously buttered, with it; pick your fruit and fill the basin; put in a very little water and some sugar, wet the edge of the paste all round, then cover the top with a crust and pinch the edges together; tie a cloth tightly over, and boil the pudding for an hour and a half, or two hours, according to its size. When you take it out of the pot, dip the basin into cold water, then turn the pudding out.

HOW TO DRY CHERRIES. Take the stems and stones from ripe cherries; spread them on flat dishes, and dry them in the hot sun or warm oven; poor whatever juice may have run from them, a little



**ABSENT.** The absence and illness of the Editor during the past week, must serve as an excuse to our readers and correspondents for any short comings in our editorial columns.

IN AND KENNERNEE RAIL ROAD COMPANY's annual meeting of this corporation was held at the hotel here last night. A cool weather gave a large attendance of was present. The reports of the treasurer, Superintendent and Auditors, accepted, from which it was ascertained that the net assets of the Kennernee Road Road Company were \$38,368.06. The following gentlemen were elected Directors for the year: John Ware, Jeddiah Ware, George Ware, John Ware, Jr., Samuel P. Benson and John Crocker, in the town of Seboc, Piscataquis county, which is said to have been more destructive than any other in the State. The fire covered a strip of land the entire length of the town about one and one-half miles wide; and according to a report in the town not a hill of corn is left standing. The species of corn damaged was the yellow dent, and the ears were damaged and no vegetable escaped but potatoes. Five each of forty houses were broken from twenty five to one hundred panes of glass. Half the stock was killed and the rest driven to the man's flut.

brig Acadia, of Orland, commanded by Capt. N. M. Berry, of Stockton, Cal., lying at the Hotel, were so discharged that the vessel was left in the hands of the commissaries, the first officer, who was accompanying her husband, fell down the hatchway, and was so severely injured that she died. Subsequently Capt. Berry and the ship sailed for Baltimore.

Capt. Washington Pendleton of Seaport then took charge of the brig, and sailed for Baltimore. We notice by a telegraphic despatch dated Baltimore 25th inst., that the brig was back in the harbor, and that the loss of Capt. Pendleton and two seamen. [Belfast Journal.

The Fishery Commission. The Fishery Commissioners, who have been in session in the city of London, have just closed their labors on the subject of the fisheries of the British Empire. Having examined and discussed the reports of the commissioners, they have arrived at a difference of opinion, and have disagreed on reference to the rivers and the State. [Portland State of Maine.

The whole number of land warrants issued in June was 963, to satisfy which will require 142,000 acres.

The President has taken up his summer residence at the Soldier's Home, three or four miles from Washington. The Secretary of War occupies the house of the premier.

WASHINGTON, July 4. Baron Waterfall is formally a member of the cabinet yesterday as Minister from Sweden and Norway. Chevalier De Sibbern, his predecessor, has been appointed Minister to the Ottoman Porte.

Martin Costa died recently in Guatemala, indigent circumstances.

FATAL ACCIDENT. We learn that a young man named William Souther, about 24 years old, was killed on Wednesday afternoon in the town of Bangor, a few miles upon his whilist at work falling from a tree. He lived about fifteen minutes after the accident. He belonged in Lervant, where he leaves a widowed mother of whom he was the chief support. [Bangor Courier.]



THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE ARABIA.

The steamship Arabia arrived at Halifax on Monday last week. Her date is the 19th ult., three days later than previous advices. We make the following summary of her news:—

GRAT BRITAIN. Steamer New York, before reported wrecked on the coast of Scotland, was reported to pieces, and fears were entertained that very little of her cargo could be saved. The steamer Indian Empire was advertised to leave Galway for Halifax and New York on the 18th inst. As she was entering Galway harbor she ran upon a sunken rock and remained two hours, but got off uninjured. The two pilots in charge of her have been committed for trial for willfully causing the disaster. She would leave on the 19th, and carry out the same date as the Arabia.

The political news by the Arabia is of little special interest. Nothing important had transpired in Parliament. Rev. Dr. James Bunting, one of the principal members of the Methodist church, is dead, after 59 years spent in the ministry.

A company has been formed for a submarine telegraph between England and India, via the Red Sea, capital one million sterling.

The papers contain lengthy details of the India news, including particulars of the march into Rohilund, but nothing of marked interest not covered by the telegraphic dispatches.

The king of the Belgians had arrived in England, on a visit to Queen Victoria.

Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, Senior Admiral of the British Navy, died on the 16th.

Mr. Babin in the House of Lords on the slave trade, the speaker of the House of Commons, the Times says: At the present time it is evident that the struggle against the slave trade has reached an important crisis. It hangs on a hair whether the policy of England, which for the last thirty years has been abandoned or not.

The three States, which from their present power, or their former property, have been least successful in the struggle, are mainly at issue in England. They are Portugal, Spain, and the United States and France are equally guilty with Spain, and says it will never do to attempt coercion with weak Spain, and at the same time to link at the delinquency of the more powerful States.

The London Post argues that England has done its duty in the matter, and that it rests with the United States to say whether they will do theirs.

The Daily News, on the same subject, urges the cultivation of cotton in Africa, as the best solution of the difficulty.

Gen. Van Strouven, commander of the British troops in the Crimea, has been created a Knight Commander of the Bath.

A serious collision had occurred on the London and North Western Railroad, near Huddersfield, which twelve persons were wounded and three killed.

The London Times of the 19th, in a leader, congratulates the government on having taken advice of the law officers of the crown, who decided that the British flag is not entitled to be hoisted on a vessel of war which is not entitled to be hoisted on a vessel of war.

The substitution of M. de Langlois for M. de Sarrasin in the Ministry of the Interior, is said to give general satisfaction.

Letters from Paris report that arrests continue to be made.

The Duke of Argyll, the celebrated painter, is announced.

A doubtful rumor was current that the Duke of Malakoff would soon return to France, and Portugal resume the question to England.

The Emperor will open a camp at Chalons with great pomp on the 15th of July.

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on Friday last. The following is the telegraphic summary of her news:—

The advice of this steamer, though four days late, do not possess any feature of peculiar importance or interest.

The right of search is still discussed by the English press, and also attracts the attention of continental journals, but there have been no definite proceedings in relation to the question.

The London Star gives a rumor that the American Minister, Mr. Dallas, has expressed satisfaction with the arrangements proposed by England for the settlement of the right of search question.

The House of Commons has declared the permanent continuance of the paper duty impolitic, but made no proposition for its abolition.

Very destructive fire had occurred in London, involving losses to the amount of several hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The case of John B. Gough, the Temperance lecturer, who lost his libel, has resulted in favor of Mr. Gough. Dr. Loeb having retracted the charges on which the suit was instituted.

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PUBLISHERS' CONVENTION.

Agreeably to previous notice, the Convention of the Newspaper Press of the State of Maine assembled at the Stanley House, Augusta, on Thursday, July 1st.

The meeting was called to order by Daniel T. Pike, Esq., of the Augusta Argus, upon whose motion John A. Poor, Esq., of the State of Maine, was chosen Chairman, and Eliza Clarke, of the Bath Tribune and Times, was chosen Secretary.

Mr. Hancock, of the Saco Democrat, exhibited to the Convention a new Inking Apparatus for the Hand Press, which was considered by a very useful invention.

After many suggestions of a practical nature, and much discussion, it was

Voted, That a Committee of five be appointed by the Chair to report what topics of business the Convention may properly address itself.

The Chair appointed Nelson Dingley, Jr., of the Lewiston Journal; Joseph A. Homan, of the Gougeon Banner; Russell Eaton, of the Maine Farmer; J. H. Lynde, of the Bangor Daily Commercial; and E. Rowell, of the Hallowell Gazette.

The Committee subsequently submitted the following Report and Resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Your committee appointed to consider what measures the newspaper publishers in the State of Maine can adopt to correct admitted evils in their business, and report the same to this Convention, have attended to their duty, and ask leave to submit the following resolutions:

Resolved, That each publisher should conspicuously publish in his newspaper his terms of Advertising, (specifying the rates for common advertisements, and the rates for special advertising in reading columns) by the line or square, (giving the size of the type used, and the number of lines per square); and in no case should any advertisement be inserted for less than the rates so advertised.

Resolved, That no publisher should insert any notice in the nature of an advertisement in any general reading column of his paper, without the consent of the publisher of the paper, unless he editorially adopts it of his own free will.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions should not apply to contracts previously entered into, and not to be published in the paper.

Resolved, That the several newspaper publishers in the State be requested to signify their concurrence in the foregoing resolves by giving them a place in their columns.

Resolved, That the several subjects under consideration, by Messrs. Poor and Blaine of Portland; Emery, and Lynde, of Bangor; Eaton, Pike, Hodge, Homan, and Sawyer, of Augusta; Lynde, and Hancock, of Saco; Dingley, and Stetson, of Lewiston; Clark, of Bath; Rowell, of Hallowell; Drisko, of Machias; Moore, of North Anson; Prescott, of Farmington; and Hall, of Presque Isle, after which the Convention adjourned to meet at Augusta, on Thursday, the 2nd of July.

JOHN A. POOR, President.

ELIZA CLARKE, Secretary.

THE MONROE OBSEQUES. The coffin containing the remains of ex-President Monroe was exhumed on Friday morning, in a very private manner, and taken to the church of Annunciation, where it remained until 4 P. M., when a funeral procession was formed and accompanied the remains to the City Hall. The procession was an imposing one, being headed by a military band, and followed by a large number of citizens.

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AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.			
CORRECTED WEEKLY.			
Four	\$5.00 to \$5.50	Round Hops	\$7.00 to \$7.25
Wheat Meal,	1.25 to 1.50	Barley	10.25 to 12.25
12 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.25	Rye	8.00 to 9.00
Oats,	1.75 to 1.80	Turkeys,	8.00 to 9.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Chickens,	8.00 to 9.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Geese,	8.00 to 9.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Clover Seed,	10.00 to 12.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Hedgergrass,	\$3.50 to \$4.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Red Top,	8.00 to 9.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Hay,	1.00 to 1.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Limbs,	8.00 to 9.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Fence Wood,	20.00 to 25.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Pauling Wood,	20.00 to 25.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Sheep Skins,	60.00 to 100.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10	Hides,	5.00 to 6.00
10 lbs vs Meal,	1.00 to 1.10		



The Muse.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

THE SWAN SON OF PARSON AVERY. 1885.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When the reaper's task was ended, and the summer wearing late,

Parson Avery sailed from Newbury with his wife and children eight,

Dropping down the river harbor in the shallow Watch and Wait.

Pleasantly lay the clearings in the mellow summer morn,

And the newly planted orchards dropping their fruit's first-born,

And the homesteads like brown islands amidst a sea of corn.

Broad meadows reaching seaward the tilled creeks and bays,

And hills, rolled wave-like, inland, with oaks and walnut-trees green;

A fairer home, a goodlier land, his eye had never seen.

Yet away sailed Parson Avery, away, where duty led,

And the voice of God seemed calling, to break the living bread

To the souls of sinners starving on the rocks of Marble-head!

All day they sailed; at nightfall the pleasant land-breeze died,

The blackening sky at midnight its starry light denied,

And far and low, the thunder of tempest prepared.

Blotted out was all the coast-line, gone were rock and wood and sand;

Grimly anxious stood the helmsman with the tiller in his hand,

And questioned of the darkness what was sea and what was land.

And the preacher heard his dear ones, nestled round him, weeping sore;

"Never heed, my little children! Christ is walking on before,"

To the pleasant land of Heaven, where the sea shall be no more!"

All at once the great cloud parted, like a curtain drawn aside,

To let down the torch of lightning on the terror far and wide;

And the thunder and the whirlwind together smote the tide.

There was walling in the shallop, woman's wail and man's despair,

A crash of breaking timbers on the rocks so sharp and bare,

And through it all the murmur of Father Avery's prayer.

From the struggle in the darkness with the wild waves and the blast,

On a rock, where every billow broke above him as it passed,

Alone of all his household the man of God was cast.

There a comrade heard him praying in the pause of wave and wind:

"All my own have gone before me, and I linger just behind;

Not for life I ask, but only for the rest they ransomed find."

"In this night of death I challenge the promise of thy Word;

Let me see the great salvation of which mine ears have heard!"

Let me pass from hence forgiven, through the grace of Christ, our Lord!"

"In the baptism of these waters wash my every sin,

And let me follow up to Thee my household and my kin."

And open the sea-gate of thy Heaven and let me enter in!"

The ear of God was open to His servant's last request;

As the strong man caught him downward the sweet prayer upward pressed,

And the soul of Father Avery went with it to his rest.

There was walling on the mainland from the rocks of Marble-head,

In the stricken church of Newbury the notes for prayer were read,

And long and loud and heartbroken the living mourned the dead.

And still the fishers out-board, or scudding from the squall,

With grave and reverent faces the white sails recall,

When they see the white waves breaking on the "Rock of Avery's Fall!"

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

COUSIN ROBERT.

O Cousin Robert, far away

Among the lands of gold,

How many years since we met?

You would not like it told.

O Cousin Robert, buried deep

Amid your bags of gold,

I dreamt of you but yesterday,

Just as you were of old.

You own whole leagues—'t half a rood

Behind my cottage door,

You have your lot of gold reaped,

And I cry children four.

Your tall barbs dot the dangerous seas,

My "silly" son home—to rest

Safe anchored from the storm's life

Upon one faithful breast.

And it would cause no start, nor sigh,

I should touch of doubt or blame,

If I thought your little son,

O Cousin Robert's name.

That name—however wild it rings.

I oft think, when alone,

I rather would have seen it graved

Upon a church-yard stone—

Upon the white sunshiny shore

Where Cousin Alick lies;

Ah, sometimes, would he that live!

And blessed he that dies!

O Cousin Robert, hot, hot tears,

Though not the tears of old,

Drop, thinking of your face last night,

Your hand's pathetic fold:

A young man's face—no like, so like

Our mother's face far!

A young man's hand, so firm to hold,

So resolute to dare.

I thought you good—I wished you great;

You were my pride;

The Story Teller.

From Odey's Lady's Book.

SMILES FOR HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Take that home with you, dear," said Mrs. Lewis, her manner half smiling, half serious.

"Take what home, Caddy?" And Mr. Lewis turned towards his wife, curiously.

Now, Mrs. Lewis had spoken from the moment's impulse, and already partly regretted her remark.

"Take what home?" repeated her husband. "I don't understand you."

"That smiling face you turned upon Mr. Edward, when you answered his question just now."

Mr. Lewis slightly averted his head, and walked on in silence. They had called in at the store of Mr. Edwards to purchase a few articles, and were now on their way home. There was no smile on the face of Mr. Lewis now, but a very grave expression instead—grave almost to sternness.

The words of his wife had taken him altogether by surprise; and, though spoken lightly, had jarred upon his ears.

The truth was, Mr. Lewis, like a great many other men who have their own business cares and troubles, was in the habit of bringing home a sober, and, too often, a clouded face. It was in vain that his wife and children looked into that face for sunshine, or listened to his words for tones of cheerfulness.

"Take that home with you, dear," Mrs. Lewis was already repeating this suggestion, made on the moment's impulse. Her husband was sensitive to a fault. He could not bear even an implied censure from his wife. And so she had learned to be very guarded in this particular.

"Take that home with you, dear! Ah, me! I wish the words had not been said. There will be darker clouds now, and gracious knows, they were dark enough before! Why can't Mr. Lewis leave his cares and business behind him, and let us see the old, pleasant, smiling face again. I thought this morning that he had forgotten how to smile; but I see he can smile if he tries. Ah! why don't he try to do so?"

So Mrs. Lewis talked to herself, as she moved along by the side of her husband, who had not spoken a word since her reply to his query. "Take what home?" Block after block was passed, and street after street crossed, and still there was silence between them.

"Of course," said Mrs. Lewis, speaking in her own thoughts. "Of course he is offended. He won't bear a word from me. I might have known, beforehand, that talking out in this way would only make things worse. Oh, dear! I'm getting out of all heart!"

"What then, Caddy?"

Mrs. Lewis almost started at the sound of her husband's voice, breaking, unexpectedly, upon her ear, in a softened tone.

"What then?" he repeated, turning towards her, and looking down at her shyly upturned face.

"It would send warmth and radiance through the whole house," said Mrs. Lewis, her tones all a-tremble with feeling.

"You think so?"

"I know so! Why try it, dear, for this one evening?"

"It isn't so easy a thing to put on a smiling face, Caddy, when thought is oppressed with care."

"It didn't seem to require much effort just now," said Mrs. Lewis, glancing up at her husband with something of archness in her look.

Again a shadow dropped down upon the face of Mr. Lewis, which was again partly turned away; and again they walked on in silence.

"He is so sensitive!" Mrs. Lewis said to herself, the shadow on her husband's face darkening over her own. "I have to be as careful of my words as if talking to a spoiled child."

No, it did not require much effort on the part of Mr. Lewis to smile, as he passed a few words, lightly, with Mr. Edwards. The remark of his wife had not really displeased him; it had only led him to thinking. After remaining gravely silent, because he was undergoing a brief self-examination, Mr. Lewis said:

"You thought the smile given to Mr. Edwards came easily enough?"

"It did not seem to require an effort," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"No, not much effort was required," said Mrs. Lewis. His tones were slightly depressed. "But this must be taken into the account; my mind was in a certain state of excitement, or activity, that represented so feelings, and made smiling an easy thing. So we smile and are gay in company, at cost of little effort, because all are smiling and gay, and we feel the common sphere of excitement. How different it often is when we are alone, I need not say. You, Caddy, are guilty of the sober face at home as well as your husband." Mr. Lewis spoke with a tender reproach in his voice.

"But the sober face is caught from yours of tenor than you imagine, my husband," replied Mrs. Lewis.

"Are you certain of that, Caddy?"

"Very certain. You make the sunlight and the shadow of your home. Smile upon us; give us cheerful words; enter into our feelings and interests, and there will be no brighter home in all the land. A shadow on your countenance is a veil for my heart; and the same is true as respects our children. Our pulses strike too nearly in unison not to be disturbed when yours has lost its even beat."

Again Mr. Lewis walked on in silence, his face partly averted; and again his wife began to fear that she had spoken too freely. But he soon dispelled this impression, for he said—

"I am glad, Caddy, that you have spoken thus plainly. I only wish that you had done so before. I see how it is. My smiles have been for the outside world—the world that neither loved nor regarded me—and my clouded brow for the dear ones at home, for whom thought and care are ever-living activities."

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis were now at their own door, where they paused a moment, and then went in. Instantly, on passing his threshold, Mr. Lewis felt the pressure upon him of his usual state. The hue of his feelings began to change. The cheerful, interested exterior put on for those he met in business intercourse, began rapidly to change, and a sober hue to succeed. Like most business men, his desire for profitable results was even far in advance of the slow evolutions of trade; and his daily history was a history of disappointments, in some measure dependent upon his restless anticipations. He was not as willing to work and to wait as he should be; and, like many of his class, neglected the pearls that lay here and there along his life-path, because they were inferior in value to those he hoped to find just a little way in advance. The consequence was that, when the day's business excitement was over, his mind fell into a brooding state, and lingered over his disappointment, or looked forward with falling hope in the future—for hope, in many things, had been long deferred. And so he rarely had smiles for his home.

"Take that home with you, dear," whispered Mrs. Lewis, as they moved along the passage, and before they had joined the family. She had an instinctive consciousness that her husband

was in danger of relapsing into his usual state. The warning was just in time.

"Thank you for the words!" said he. "I will not forget them."

And he did not; but at once rallied himself, and to the glad surprise of Jenny, Will, and Mary, met them with a new face, covered with friendly smiles, and with pleasant questions, in pleasant tones, of their day's employments. The feelings of children move in quick transitions. They had not expected a greeting like this; but the response was instant. Little Jenny climbed into her father's arms. Will came and stood by his chair, answering in lively tones his questions, while Mary, older by a few years than the rest, leaned against her father's shoulder, and laid her white hand softly upon his head, smoothing back the dark hair, just showing a little frost, from his broad, manly temples.

A pleasant group was this for the eyes of Mrs. Lewis, as she came forth from her chamber to the sitting-room, where she had gone to lay off her bonnet and shawl and change her dress.

Well did her husband understand the meaning look she gave him; and warmly did her heart respond to the smile he threw back upon her.

"Words fifty spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver," said Mr. Lewis, speaking to her as she came in.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mary, looking curiously into her father's face.

"Mother understands," replied Mr. Lewis, smiling tenderly upon his wife.

"Something pleasant must have happened," said Mary.

"Something pleasant? Why do you say that?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"You and mother look so happy," replied the child.

"And we have cause to be happy," answered the father, as he drew his arm tightly around her. "In having three such good children."

Mary laid her cheek to his, and whispered: "It was smiling and happy, dear father! home will be like Heaven."

Mr. Lewis kissed her; but did not reply. He felt a rebuke in her words. But the rebuke did not throw a chill over his feelings; it only gave a new strength to his purpose.

"Don't distribute all your smiles. Keep a few of the warmest and brightest for home," said Mrs. Lewis, as she parted with her husband on the next morning. He kissed her, but did not promise. The smiles were kept, however, and evening saw them; though not for the outside world. Other, and many evenings saw the same cheerful smiles, and the same happy home. And was not Mr. Lewis a better and happier man? Of course he was. And so would all men be, if they would take home with them the smiling aspect they so often exhibit, as they meet their fellow-men in business intercourse, or exchange words in passing compliments. Take your smiles and cheerful words home with you, husband, father, and brothers. Your hearts are cold and dark without them.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH CABLE.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, writing from on board the steam frigate Niagara, at Plymouth, Eng., June 3, gives an interesting account of the experimental trip of the telegraphic fleet to test the practicability of laying the cable. He says—

"The fleet proceeded to the Bay of Biscay, lat. 47° 12' N., long. 9° 32' W., when signal was made by this ship to the Gorgon to sound. Immediately her boat was seen in the water engaged in complying with our request, and in about two hours the depth was reported at 2530 fathoms, say about two miles and three quarters. This being deeper than any water on the route between Valencia, Ireland, and Newfoundland, the spot was at once selected for the experiment. Accordingly, the sterns of the two paying out ships were connected by hawsers at the distance of about 600 feet from each other, and the end of the wire cable was sent by a hauling line from Niagara to Agamemnon, where it was spliced to the end of hers, and both ships commenced paying out. Although the wire used was a piece of condensed cable put on board to be expended, and was very defective in many parts, yet it reached the bottom in perfect safety, and was wound up afterwards nearly to the surface of the water; but the hawser connecting the vessels having meanwhile parted, of course the wire was broken when stretched 'taut' between the ships—both machines winding up at the same time. This was regarded as highly encouraging. The experiment was made at night, under disadvantages, and with the end cable too. The machinery performed its part, both in paying out and winding up, admirably. Telegraphing was constant between the ships during the process.

The second experiment was with a portion of the good wire, the Atlantic Telegraph cable proper. This was spliced in the same way, paying out equally well to the bottom, and messages sent through 1500 miles.

This wire hung at the stern of the ship, sustaining its own weight in nearly three miles of water for an hour, electric communication being kept up in the meantime through the 1500 miles when the Agamemnon made signal 'wire parted.' It broke near her stern, from the long continued tension and chafe from the motion of the ship. On board the Niagara the cable was wound up to within a short distance of the splice; where it had been broken a second time, it is supposed by dragging on the bottom while being wound up. This wire was bearing a strain at times of 5100 lbs., as shown by the dynamometer—and when it came in, over the wheels, was so knicked and curled, twisted and unalied, as to be entirely unfit for further use. In one place it was twisted into half a dozen hard knots all together.

The third and last experiment which deserves mention, was the trial of the buoy.

The splice was made as before described, the cable being the 'condemned,' like that in the first experiment; the hawser between the vessels was cast off, and both steamed away in opposite directions. Agamemnon soon made signal, 'cable parted.' Niagara kept on and paid out 3-1/4 miles, then attached the large buoy and small watch buoy, dropping them overboard, steaming away from the buoys and paying out. She had not gone more than 3000 yards when the wire parted on the wheels, from its own defects. Niagara then returned to pick up buoy, but before she reached it 'it toppled over,' showing the cable to be detached. On examination it was found the wire had cut through a 3-1/4 inch rope by which it was attached to the buoy, in forty minutes' time merely by the undulation of the sea. My deductions from these experiments are as follows:

1st. That the machinery is perfect.

2d. That by constant watching, and by putting on the least possible retardation, the ships going 6 or 7 knots, the cable can be laid.

3d. That any attempt to buoy the cable in deep water will be time, cable and buoy lost.

4th. That any long stoppage of the ship by accident to ships, engines, or by repairs of defective cable, will be fatal."

SHOULD TROUSERS PROCURED ON CREDIT BE CONSIDERED "brooches of trust?"

A FRENCH WILL STORY.

"Is she dead, then?"

"Yes, madame," replied a little gentleman in brown coat and short breeches.

"And her will?"

"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

"It must be supposed so; we have claims."

"Who is that miserably-dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"

"Oh, she," said the little man, sneering, "she won't have much in the will; she is sister to the deceased."

"What! that Anne who wedded in 1812 a man of nothing—an officer?"

"Precisely so."

"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family."

"The more so as Sister Egerie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her that mesalliance."

Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of the deceased were assembled. She was pale; her fine eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with preoccupied wrinkles.

"What do you come here for?" said, with great haughtiness, Madame de Villebois, the lady who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who intruded with her humility. "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I am solely to see M. Dubois, my poor sister's solicitor, to inquire if he spoke of me at her last hour."

"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly expressed Madame de Villebois; "the disgrace of a great house—you, who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte's!"

"Madam, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier, and, what is better, an honest man," observed Anne.

At this moment a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.

"Come," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her. Anne loved a generous, brave, and good man, who had no other crime to reproach himself with than his poverty and the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, he had lived, if his family had known him as I knew him, I, his old friend, Anne would be at this time happy and respected."

"Because it is her place to be here," said the notary, gravely; "I myself requested her to attend here."

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will: "I, being sound in mind and heart, Egerie de Damferme, retired as a boarder in the convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament."

"After my decease there will be found two hundred thousand francs in money at my notary's, besides jewelry, clothes, and furniture, as also a chateau worth two hundred thousand francs."

"In the convent where I have been residing there will only be found my book, 'Heures de la Vie,' my holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of the emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots.

"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money."

"The second lot, the chateau, furniture and jewels."

"The third lot, my book, 'Heures de la Vie.' I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief which she has caused to us, and I would have comforted her in her sorrows if I had known sooner of her return to France. I compromise her in my will."

"Madame de Villebois, my much beloved cousin shall have the first choice."

"M. Vetry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice."

"Anne will take the remaining lot."

"Ah! ah! said Vetry, 'Sister Egerie was a good one; that is rather clever on her part.'"

"Anne will only have the Prayer-book!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois, laughing aloud. The notary interrupted her jealously.

"Madame," he said, "which lot do you choose?"

"The two hundred thousand francs in money."

"Have you quite made up your mind?"

"Perfectly so."

The man of law, addressing himself then to the good feeling of the lady, said, "Madame, you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave her this lot and take the book of prayers, which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lots."

You must be joking, M. Dubois!" exclaimed Madame de Villebois; "you must really be in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.

"I conclude that she meant to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only help she had to expect in this world."

As she finished these words, Madame de Villebois made a definite selection of the ready money for her share. Monsieur Vetry, as may be easily imagined, selected the chateau, furniture and jewels, as his lot.

"Monsieur Vetry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be noble on your part, millionaire as you are, to give up at least a portion of your share to Anne, who wants it so much."

"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vetry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits me admirably. As to the jewels of Sister Egerie, they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madam Anne, here is the Prayer-book that remains to you."

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy with blue eyes, took her sister's old Prayer-book, and making her kiss it after her, she said:

"Hector, kiss this book which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well had she known you. When you have learned to read you will pray to Heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

The child embraced the old book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterward—

"Indeed!" he said, "what pretty pictures!"

"But, mamma, why are there ten silk papers to each engraving?"

The mother looked, and uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who, addressing those present, said:

"Leave her alone, it won't be much; people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, "give me that prayer book; you will bear the engravings."

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest which the notary took in her. A month afterward they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well yet not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a two-horse chariot. This led them to make inquiries, and they ascertained that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving a first-rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame de Villebois and M. de Vetry hastened to call upon the notary to ask for explanations. The good Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you?" said the arrogant old lady.

"No matter. I was in the act of settling a purchase in the state funds for Madame Anne."